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The Incredible Travels of Madame Aisha

Good evening, everybody, my name is Aisha. My hobbies are cooking and traveling. I am seventeen years old☆ and a traveler by occupation. An ordinary girl whom you could find anywhere.

However, I have one tiny little secret, that's all.

It might sound a bit unbelievable, but—I actually possess the mysterious power of *time traveling*. Quite science fictiony♪, isn't it?

Although I've been traveling nonstop, this is my first time here and I seem to be lost. Unfortunately, a mascot for answering "Hey hey Mo●●dan, where are we?" doesn't seem to be around.

Huh? You've never heard of Mogu●●n?

Sheesh. I've clearly heard that it's a national-level mascot character in Japan.

Just do a bit of research, come on! Yes yes, the one nicknamed Guguru, that's the one.

Oh, I've got it. Yes. Mogudan was a character featured in a long-running educational anime program broadcast during the 1980s. In "The Origin of All Creation," a journey through space and time to teach the audience all kinds of knowledge, she was the navigator and the heroine's elder sister, a character that looked like a pig. A character from decades ago with no relation to the twenty-first century.

W-What? Why are you looking at me like that?

I already told you. I'm just a seventeen-year-old girl.

I simply learned this during my time traveling to Japan back then. I'm definitely not trying to cover up anything. Hey, there's someone over there!

Ah, let's go make conversation. Excuse me~~~~

"I cannot believe there is a little lass who does not know of I. Hohohoho, from

where did someone like you stumble in by accident?"

Oh, this would be what they call *ikemen* in modern Japan!

Calling him super handsome would not be an exaggeration at all.

Silver hair, elegant poise... From a modern Japanese perspective, he's practically a handsome man drawn by the super popular illustrator, BUNBUN.

"What on earth are you talking about?"

Fufufu, excuse me.

Umm, may I have your name please?

"Hoo. Well, although the situation is a little perplexing, very well. My name is Edward. There are many who call me the Black Prince."

Y-You're *that* Prince Edward?

"Oh, there is nothing praiseworthy about my reputation or position seeing as they both stem from the influence of my father, the King of England—Hohohoho."

Dear me! Muttering on his own while putting on a nice guy's face.

Surely, this man must be hoping to hear "Not at all, Your Highness, you are too modest."

"Hey, please do not voice such thoughts so loudly."

S-Sorry, I somehow got worked up without realizing it. Hoo—

He has many amazing titles under his name. Despite his appearance as a sixteen-year-old young man, he has served as general to assist his father and made great contributions towards victory, taking part in negotiations with English's mortal enemy, France.

"Not at all, it was truly just a tiny bit of good fortune. Yes."

Ten years from now, as the commander-in-chief, he will be facing off against the army of the King of France.

Using merely six thousand troops, he defeated an enemy force of thirty

thousand, an accomplishment that contributed greatly to England's future position and influence on the European continent.

Yes, there are some who would argue that England's glory in the present would not exist without him. Although it sounds exaggerated, one would find it difficult to deny his achievements.

As a side note...

His Highness was an English prince during medieval Europe in the fourteenth century.

While he was basking in glory and praise, he waged a completely pointless campaign faraway in Spain because someone requested his aid to recover the Castilian throne. Although the Black Prince won a high-profile victory, it was an excessive drain on finances and he also contracted a disease during that time.

Due to the financial burden of this expedition, he then died from disease just like that.

A man only slightly susceptible to getting carried away, but this burgeoning sense of pride was the trigger leading to his death.

"Hmm? What are you whispering about?"

No, nothing at all, fufufufu.

However, we are greatly honored for the chance to meet Your Highness, the Black Prince Edward.

"Hohohoho, you are truly an honest girl."

Oh my, what's the matter?

"Are you actually a girl?"

W-What on earth are you insinuating, Mr. Edward?

I believe what you see before your eyes is a tender maiden in the flower of youth. Please do not stare at me so.

"My apologies. I could not help myself because you actually do not seem like a teenage girl."

Ehhhh!?

"Truth be told, or perhaps on a fundamental level, I am attracted to older women."

S-Speaking of which, according to historical records, he married late in his life despite being a prince. In the end, he married his first cousin once removed—Joan, the Fair Maid of Kent. The most beautiful woman across the entire realm of England, if a certain chronicler is to be believed.

"Women gradually grow wise and beautiful with the passage of time. Isn't that so?"

I-Indeed, there is such a saying.

"This is my conviction. Furthermore, I am informed by my instinct as a man who fancies older women. With just an ordinary glance, I might mistake you for being my sister's age, but you are definitely not a girl as your appearance suggests."

Huh????

Seventeen! I am a seventeen-year-old maiden in the flower of youth!

"No, please do not belittle my discerning eye. Hmm, seventeen, eighteen, nineteen, even higher than that, hmm, I knew it."

Please do not read out a maiden's secret like you are measuring power levels.

"I see it. Your actual age is roughly—"

"NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!!!!!!"

"My goodness, why is the ceiling suddenly collapsing!?"

This journey through time concludes here! Thank you for tuning in, folks.

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